

# Cold World (feat. Inspectah Deck)

GZA

I had a bad dream  
Don't be afraid, bad dreams are only dreams  
What a time you chose to be born in...Babies crying brothers dying and brothers getting  
knocked  
Shit is deep on the block and you got me locked down  
in this cold, cold world...It was the night before New Year's, and all through the fucking projects  
Not a handgun was silent, not even a Tec  
Outside as I'm stuck, by enemies who put fear  
and blasted on the spot before the pigs were there  
You know hoods robbers snipers new in sight, fuck blue and white  
They escape before them flash the fucking lights  
Gunshots, shatter first floor window panes  
Shells hit the ground and blood stained the dice game  
Whether broke callisthenic, any style you set it  
Beat niggaz toothless, physically cut up like geese  
But with iron on the sides thugs took no excuses  
Therefore, your fifty-two handblocks was useless  
Links was snatched off necks, scars on throats  
Jackets took, after bullet rips through coats  
Against those who felt the cold from the steel made em fold  
and squeal, once the metal hit the temple of his grill  
Destruction worker, who was caught for his bomber  
No time to swing the hammer that was hanging from his Farmer's  
And it's bugged how some niggaz catch slugs  
and pockets dug from everything except check stubs  
and it does, sound ill like wars in Brownsville  
Or fatal robberies in Red where Feds look  
For fugitives to shoot cops, niggaz laying on roof tops  
for his cream he stashed in a shoebox  
But he was hot, and the strip was filled with young killers  
you don't suspect, so cops creep like caterpillars  
And born thieves stay hooded with extra bullets  
those who try to flee they hit the vertebrae, increase the murder rate  
Similar to hit men who pull out Tec's and then  
drop those who crack like tacos from Mexican  
Rapid, like recipients cashing cheques again  
Back to the motherfuckign spot on LexingtonBabies crying brothers dying and brothers getting  
knocked  
Shit is deep on the block and you got me locked down  
in this cold, cold world...We be running from the cops, busting off shots  
Shit is deep on the block and you got me locked down  
in this cold, cold world...

Yo - no time to freeze, undercover ease up in Grand Prix  
and seize packages and pocket the currency  
Clicks control strips full clips are sprayed  
Yellow tape barricades sidewalks where bodies lay  
Madness strikes at twelve o'clock midnight  
The stick up kids on the ground broke the staircase light  
And I stays harassed, scrambling for petty cash  
Jakes on my ass young bucks is learning fast  
357's and 44's  
Bought inside corner stores, provide fire sparks to wars  
Hospital floors surrounded by the law  
Homicide questioning while the Jakes guard the door  
My hood stay tense, loyalty puts strength in my team  
Cause niggaz main concern is cream  
Some niggaz in the jet black Gallant  
Shot up the Chinese restaurant, for this kid named Lamont  
I thought he was dead but instead he missed a kid  
and hit a twelve year old girl in the head and then fled  
Tactical narcotic, task force, back off fast  
Cause the crime boss is passing off cash  
Extortions, for portions of streets, causes beef  
Having followers of Indians trying to play Chief  
You witness the saga, casualties and drama  
Life is a script, I'm not an actor but the author  
of a modern day opera, where the main character  
is presidential paper, the dominant factor

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>